

The World.

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## FLATIRONS AND RUSTY BRAINS.



VERY woman who does her own ironing notices that the rustier a flatiron is the more often it has to be heated and the more quickly it cools. In laundries irons are either repolished or replaced with new ones.

The same law of physics applies to kettles, coffee pots and whatever other vessels or utensils are intended to retain heat.

A polished or smooth surface, no matter how well worn, will hold more heat and longer. The reason an old flatiron cools quickly is because the polish has worn off and the metal has become pitted. The surface of radiation to the air is so much increased that it takes longer to heat and is harder to keep heated.

For an opposite purpose, but on the same principle, is the radiator on an automobile, where the manufacturer makes so much fluting and flanges to expose the largest radiating surface to the air.

Hot water run through a rusty pipe cools more quickly than if the pipe is newly polished.

This law of physics applies to brains and all forms of human effort.

The man who lets his brain cells get rusty, who does not keep his thoughts clean, his mind polished and his thinking processes alert soon finds that his ideas dissipate before they are completely formed and that his words scatter in their utterance.

Rust is destructive of efficiency of all kinds. A few drops of water dropped inside a machine will do more harm to its efficiency and capacity than many months of the hardest kind of work. Inactivity, not use, is the greatest destroyer of machinery, whether animate or inanimate.

Few men wear out by work alone. Idleness more unfits them for renewed effort than does work. The best way to accomplish anything is to begin at it and keep on until it is done and well done.

The lesson of the flatiron and of the automobile applies to the brain and the muscles.



If John D. Rockefeller, Edward H. Harriman, Thomas F. Ryan and other men of sufficient wealth to quit work were to make up their minds that they had passed the meridian of life and spend their remaining years in idleness their brains would speedily deteriorate. Disuse is as injurious to the brain as it is to a steam engine. These men would find that the years of idleness would age them more than the years of hard work.

## TOO TIMID FIVE TIMES.

Daniel Matthews was to have been married five times before the ceremony was performed. Every other time he became frightened and fled. He was an ardent enough suitor, but when it came to facing the clergyman he was too timid. Sometimes his bashfulness overcame him at the license clerk. Now he is married, and his bride must have been a remarkable, patient and long suffering woman to put up with him so long in the manner that a page in to-morrow's World tells. There is another page by Mrs. Augusta Seib, whose experiences as a man were briefly described in this column. She explains how it feels for a woman to work and dress like a man.

E. A. Abbey gives advice about studying art. Camille Flammarion tells of the stars. Sir Walter Scott's love story, "The Bride of Lammermoor," is presented. There is a remarkable picture of Miss Cora Livingston in her wrestling costume. The music is "A Song of the King," as sung at the Knickerbocker Theatre. The funny section, the news columns and the sporting section will be as live and interesting as usual.

Kindly notify your newsdealer that you want a copy of to-morrow's World so that he may not disappoint you.

## Letters from the People.

### In Behalf of Horses.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly allow me to say a few words for the horse (man's trust and best friend). To prevent a horse from becoming sore under saddle and collar have a pall of water and sponge in your stable. Wash where the saddle and collar touch once a day. Put a little salt in this washing water every other day, so that you will use salt water one day and fresh water the next. This will keep the skin in healthy condition, and the horse will not get sore under the saddle and collar and not fit properly. Also loosen your check line whenever you can. J. H. W.

### A Police Suggestion.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am twenty-four. I have never done any hard physical work. In the same employ there is a young man who is a shipping clerk and porter. He is very strong and has worked hard all his life. The two of us took the examination for the police, with the result that I am now on the list awaiting appointment, while he was rejected for bad teeth. That man is twice as strong as I am, taller and very much heavier and broader. I am content with my position and am in doubt about accepting the police appointment if I should be called, as I am not as well fitted for the job as my friend even though I have a good set of teeth. What do readers think of this case? J. F. F.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I notice an account of a revolving house to be built. I think it is a good theory. It is not, however, new. For when at the St. Louis Exhibition in 1904 I found in an obscure corner a model of a "revolving city" by an architect of Paris. There were a few decorative panels and a few figures of people, but the principle was the same. J. F. F.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A man who is sitting on a bench above the water, the question was submitted to him and answered in water. He said, "What was the length of the pole?" J. F. F.

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## The Moth Invasion.

By Maurice Ketten.



## The Chorus Girl Squanders a Bunch of Thought on "Salome" and the Close-Lidded Race-Track

By Roy L. McCardell.



"W" got an invitation to go on a houseboat," said the Chorus Girl, "and we'd go, but it makes talk and the talk is loud."

"Last year we had a lovely time on the Ivy L., which was wrecked off Blossom Heath Inn because Dupey McKnight pushed the piano over beside the tea box for his own comfort and gave the trim craft an awful list to starboard. The awful list up to that time had been the names of the guests. We trimmed the craft by moving the piano back and putting a cake of ice and some bottled beer in it to please Dupey, but we never got off the bar all summer."

"When our bunch is all aboard a houseboat the summer cottagers on the shores adjacent are as happy about it as if they had a nail in the foot."

"They ain't nothing new this summer to furnish any excitement if we do stay in town except the Salome craze and running the gauntlet of plainclothes bobs if you want to get a hot bed at the track."

"Louie Zinsmeister has a friend who is bookkeeper for a wholesale house, and last Thursday he is sent out to tend to some business for the firm up town that is expected to keep him away the rest of the afternoon. But he meets the guy he's to see about the invoices right at the door and transacts all the business in twenty minutes. Having so much time to spare he thinks he'll tear away to the track, which he do."

"Here he is jumped by the plainclothes men when he's getting down a bet in the fourth. The plainclothes bulls make a ramp for him, and he, being nervous, starts to make his exit. They catch him to the gate and overtake him. They strip him of his socks for evidence that he is booking, but find none."

"All present of good hearts for the liberal life is fussy over it, and she bookies offer him a thousand dollars if he'll make a case out of it before Judge Gaynor, who is strong for the personal liberty thing and won't stand for oppression on the part of the batties who are there with the rough house tactics."

"Louie's friend is between love and duty, but he can't let his firm wise it that he's been to the track, when he was supposed to be off on business, and so lose him a three-thousand-dollar job."

"Mamma De Branscombe said it made the tears come to her eyes that it wasn't her that was frisked for evidence, so she could tie up to that thousand-dollar offer and see what a plain citizen's rights is in the matter."

"The Pinks yell to all hands not to go to the mat with the plain clothes bulls because all them rude ways of theirs is simply to stir up a riot and bring the Sport of Kings and the betting on the same on the creek into disrepute. 'Don't fall for it!' yells the Pinks—them's the Pinkertons, who represent law and order for the racing associations and who used to beat you to death and throw you over the fence if they caught you wigwagging information to the pool-room bookouts on the outside."

"So everybody keep their shirts on even after Mr. Elder's bulls pulled them off, and nobody got dented in the map, as was first thought would happen."

"If you can tell me why law-abiding citizens can't back their fancy—and never did the horses run so true to form—I'll tell you why so many people I know is disgusted with politics and is getting ready to vote for Preston for President because he's in jail and is a safe man where he is now."

"The only other topic in our set is the Salome craze. You can't book an act now unless you have a Salome dance featured in it some way, either straight imitation or burlesque."

"Gertrude Hoffmann is getting away with a Maude Allen imitation in great style. Personally, I think it's bunk, but as long as the public falls and the box office is stormed and the ticket speculators have a good follow up to 'The Merry Widow,' why, I'm not fussy."

"I heard a highbrow at Hammerstein's Roof rave violently over the 'Vision of Salome' and say Max Hoffman's music to the act was vague and blue. Get that? Vague and blue!"

"Gertie does a lops around the stage and dances the serpentine with her arms. Whispers go around that she's in her birthday clothes, and all art lovers is clenching their open glasses nervously."

"One thing sure is that she's dancing in her tootsie pinkies. So is all the Salomes in vaudeville and in the legitimate. La Sylphide at Proctor & Keith's, talks to her toes and pats them. After her mother, she says, she loves her toes and they understand her and are proud of her success and do their best to make her act go big."

"I don't know why barefoot dancing should have such a craze. Going barefoot is as old-fashioned as a blue plum, only what was once nature is now art, and all I know is that I'm glad I ain't in vaudeville with a barefoot Salome dance and have to follow a burlesque juggling team that leaves the stage full of broken bits of glass and china."

"Mamma De Branscombe says it's something terrible, and that it used to be that a lady in the profession had to be there with the figure, and now if your pride in a neat foot has made you wear tight shoes, which has crumpled up your tootsie pinkies, there's nothing doing for you."

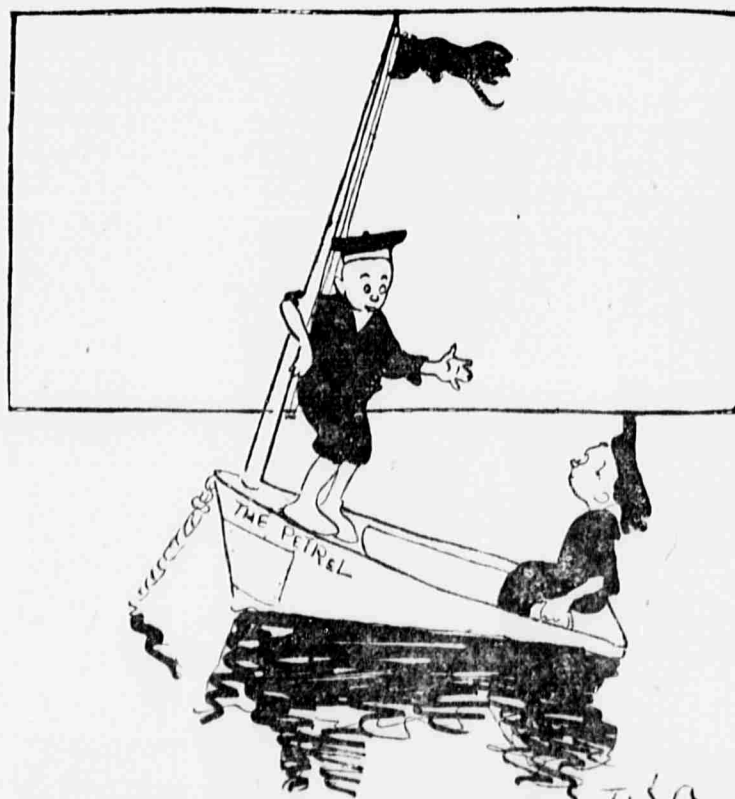
"Salome dances has put everything on a different footing now. What do you know about that?"

## Just Kids.

By T. S. Allen.



"Every bartender in dis ward calls my father by his first name!"  
"Dere yer go, bragging about yer blame family agin!"



"What yer got dat rag fastened up dere for?"  
"Ose, but you is a landlubber! Dat's to show dat de owner's aboard."

## New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.



THIS is a gala try-out in the parlors of the Martha Washington Hotel with Edward K. Bok in the title role.

But the principal offering, from an artistic standpoint, is the premiere, at the Gladys Theatre, of the new singing, dancing girl and summer show, "The Green Wampus," costumes by Takemoff & Stungthing Wigs by Ostermoor, airbrakes by Westinghouse, shoes by P. J. Conway, piano loaned by Tom Sharkey, book by nobody, lyrics by anybody, music by everybody.

The critics do not care for "The Green Wampus." With one accord they bolt it as follows:

This one is sure to hit the toboggan in a week—Acting Daily.

The ingenue has a figure like a baby grand—Evening Small.

I had a pronounced sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach—Richard Fox.

Colossal ignorance and overpowering crudeness mingle in massive proportions—Winty White.

The Right Dancing Barmaids are shines



dress production, "Lapetus Lingetel; or, A Mere Slip," with entire change of stockings and new open-work scenery.

Miss Ever Tankway, billed as the Gal-lus Girl, sings "I Don't Care! If I Did I Couldn't Do It!" shedding half a pound of real human hair at every performance.

At the Gladys Theatre there is being presented one of the new school of systematic-osteopathic-psychopathic-allopathic dramas, the joint work of Thomas, Klein, Kennedy and good old Dr. Killen, the well-known root and herb doctor. The plot revolves around the refusal of a beautiful girl to be vaccinated on either her upper or lower limbs and is entitled "More to Be Pitted Than Scared."

Clyde Fitch's latest and best piece, "Dainty Battenberg Edgings," has a

who should be out on a farm—Evening Club.

I never know success to come by such methods, and I know all there is to know on this subject—Abe Daisel.

But the press agent of The Green Wampus is one of those damn kids. This is the fourth-sheet he works up from the criticisms:

SURE HIT—Daily.

GRAND—Small.

PRONOUNCED SENSATION—Foxy.

COLOSSAL—Winter.

MASSIVE—Winters.

SHINES OUT—Club.

SUCCESS—Daisel.

The other shows close, but The Green Wampus plays to capacity eight months.

For while not everybody believes the picture everybody in New York believes the bill boards.

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.



G OING through life without love is like going through a good dinner without an appetite—everything seems so flat and tasteless.

A clever woman can sometimes make a fool of a man, but it takes a fluffly little thing with a baby face and no brains or morals to speak of to make him make a fool of himself.

It is most provoking to a woman who is winning in a quarrel to have a man suddenly turn round and take the argument right out of her mouth—with a kiss.

There is something about a rolling ocean liner that shakes up a man's emotions, and something about salt water and a ship diet that will make almost any woman with a red nose and a steamer cap on her head look just like a real affinity.

Whether a girl looks indignant or happy after you have kissed her depends a great deal on how long she has been waiting for you to get up the courage to do it.

## An Ocean Liner's Cargo.

By Ernest Poole.

D OWN on the wharf the rush was at its height. Under the sputtering bluish arc lights, amid endless clang and rattle, the produce of America came in. From the prairies, the mines and the mills, from the forests, the cotton plantations, tobacco fields, orchards and vineyards, from the oil fields and meat-packing houses, from the grimy factories large and small; ponderous engines of steel, harvesters, reapers, automobiles, bars of silver and yellow bricks of gold, bales of cotton and wool and hides and tobacco, barrels of flour, and boxes of fruit, hogheads of oil and casks of wine; tens of thousands of things and machines to make things—piled up on the wharf by the acre, save the great bulk of Everybody's Magazine. And still all night the teams clattered in and the tugs puffed up with the barges; and from hundreds of miles away the trains were rushing hither, bringing more boxes and barrels and bags to be packed in at the last moment, in gangs at every hatchway the four hundred men were trundling, heaving, straining, a rough crowd, cursing and joking at the hoarse shouts of the foremen, while from the darkness outside heavy black rope nets dropped down to gather gigantic handfuls of cargo, swing them back up to the deck of the ship and then down into her hold. So all through the night and right up to the hour of sailing the rush went on. For the great ocean liner's work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. And the ship must sail on time.

## The Busiest Under Lip.

By George Fitch.

I T is the hardest working, most versatile, most conscientious lower lip in the world, writes George Fitch in the American Magazine, of Roosevelt's underlip. It is a part of the Administration, not merely of the President.

Not only does it deliver the President's conversation to the public, but it personally supervises it. It gives each word, no matter how small, its individual attention, molds it correctly and hands it out, a perfect, finished product. Elastic almost beyond belief, it assumes a dozen shapes in as many seconds. It pictures, as the words pass it, rage, hate, earnestness, determination, statesmanship. It puffs out, distended with adjectives fighting for precedence like diplomats at a dinner. It seeps aside entirely and unveils the teeth, hissing like a leaky steamship with polysyllables. It wraps itself lovingly around a cherished phrase and releases it with honest pride. One can almost see it at times reach forth and search the air for a word that shall best fit the idea.

## An Old Wedding Custom Revived.

I N the village of Blackwell (Somersetshire, England) has been revived the ancient custom known as wedding toll, This consists of stretching a rope across the road as the bride and bridegroom are returning from the church and demanding toll before they are allowed to pass.